

# Newport

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## POETRY.

### "WISHING BRIDGE."

And ye lightly—this fair green dell  
filled with the breath of a solemn spell;  
drowses are here in this calm retreat,  
dunting the air with their shrouded feet!

oms that are laid with the sleeping dead  
allow our steps with their silent tread;  
once grew still in the hush of death  
liver around us with voiceless breath.

say we and listen,—each whispering breeze  
filled the bough with thoughts like these;  
few can ye from in this quiet spot;  
in the spell of its silence be allforgot!

outsteps as bounding as yours have pressed  
his worn old bridge where your own rest;  
batches whose coming was joy and mirth!

—Woe that they ever should pass from earth!

how many fond wishes have been told,  
kar to the heart as a miser's gold;  
how many bright hopes have been murmured free  
under the shade of this whispering tree?

love has been here with its magic power,  
Feaving bright tales in the twilight hour;  
breathing its wishes with earnest brow;

—Where are the loved and the loving now?

ladies has trod this green retreat,  
leant and youth with their dancing feet;  
fair and aged—and the lisping child  
cheering the stillness with gambols wild.

orrow has been in these peaceful dels,  
Sighing and weeping, and red farewells,  
sorrowful partings—yet meetings too,  
Happy and gay as the earth ever knew.

How many have wandered those fair dels o'er,  
And this grass-grown bridge, that will be no more;  
Each with a wish for the coming year,  
Whispered in gladness or breasted in tears!

And are they not sacred—these solemn dels,  
Bound as they are by a thousand spells?

Is not the air with a sadness fraught—  
Owing the sway of a mighty thought?

Death is around us, though fair the spot,  
Death—in the forms of the unforget!

Forms that were fleeting as summer hours—  
Say, do ye marvel that tears are out?

Turn ye away from these quiet dels,  
Turn ye away from their mournful tales,  
Ye have no tears for the last to feel,  
—Leave us alone with the loved and dead!

## ANARCHY.

POD MUD.—Small ponds, into which conveyed the wash from the circumjacent hills, often contain, at their bottom, a thick crust of very rich, unctuous sediment which, if now in times when the water dried up by the powerful heat and continual evaporation which occur during the sultry months of summer and early autumn, takes a most valuable ingredient in compost, and is even a strong and efficient fertilizer when applied to the soil in its crude state, especially if the texture of the land in which it is spread, is light and dry.

All the animal excrement, and decayed vegetable matter produced on the surrounding hills, naturally finds its way into these pools of ponds, and is there retained till removed, often forming rich muck and presenting an almost inexhaustible source of fertility to the farmer who is possessed of sufficient enterprise to avail himself of its latent wealth.

By hauling this rich deposit into his yards—exposing it to the free action of the frost and air, in open situations, or by spreading it upon the surface of light lands, he will find it productive of highly beneficial effects. As a top dressing for grass-lands, it possesses great efficiency, and retains its energies unimpaired for a longer time than stable manure, or perhaps any other decomposable manure that can be applied.—*Germanicus Telegraph.*

FATTENING SWINE ON APPLES.—The evidence which has heretofore been published, in regard to the value of apples as food for stock, is supported by facts which are frequently brought to our knowledge.—Mr. James M. Ellis of Oquanda Hill, lately stated to us that he had been in the practice of using apples extensively for fattening hogs, for several years, and their value has been proved to be such, that he deems it an object of profit to produce pork by the aid of apples, but not otherwise. He has a large apple orchard, in which he allows his hogs to range most of the season. They are of much benefit to the trees by destroying many of the insects which the fallen fruit contains, and by keeping the ground loose and rich. As the fruit approaches ripeness, the nutriment increases, and the hogs thrive faster. When nearly ripe, those apples which are not readily marketable, and not suited to long keeping, are gathered and boiled, or steamed, and mixed with meal and the slops of the kitchen and dairy, constitute the food for fattening hogs. The meal is increased towards the close of the fattening process, being at least equal to one-fourth of the bulk of apples. Mr. E. informs us that his pork is always of excellent quality, and is so regarded by all who have purchased it—being solid, of good texture, and of superior flavor.

In this village lived three sisters, all

beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide, and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fair-haired, more laughing damsel, never danced upon the green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark-haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation, and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, and living somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visit of the hero of my story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without.

Roses bloomed in the garden; jessamines peeped thro' the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of more careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passerby pause at the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by coral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they! Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little Paradise. But death came to Eden.—Madeline suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

To the master he would quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister, from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very lightly of him—and by and by looked on the self-educated master with eyes of aversion.

He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, philosophy and science, were unfolded, one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature; when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and, though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil One had claimed his own in the elements. I cannot point to you the grief of his son at this bereavement. He was for a moment once distracted. The minister came and ministered a few hollow praises in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look, the son stood above dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but serenity upon his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he passed the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power.—Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort, and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, the more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region, to send lays that astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary bard.

His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the softer sex, to share with him the laurels he had won, and to whisper consolation in his ear in the moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of a father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, "Whatever has been done may be done," he did not despair of success.

In this village lived three sisters, all



## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Ocean. Its Grandeur and Sublimity.

BY REV. WALTER COLMAN.

The most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe, belong to the Ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footprint is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the Ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bottom of the earth melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plungs into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains, but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which have called it up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the Leviathan; his ways are in the mighty deep.

The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can find from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the balls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek amid their silent significance his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flames, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength.

Over the majesty of its forms and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now.

The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe; on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bound, to their parent ocean.

These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to set the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desolation, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man also has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill.

At first the floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sank from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness, which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of the Actium was suspended the empire of the world.

In the Gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave; and the Crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath.

As each gun

From its adiante lips  
Spread a death shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane's ellipse  
Of the sun.

## The Hibernian and his Friend.

During the process of rebuilding the lower portion of New York city, which was destroyed by the great fire of 1833, two Irishmen, employed as hod-carriers upon a block of brick stores in Beaver street, were seen loitering about half an hour after the other workmen had left the premises one evening. There was a quantity of staging and other refuse lumber lying about loose in different parts of the building, which these men had not lost sight of during the day, and they remained behind to secure a back-load of boards which they had found leisure, in the afternoon, to get together at the top of the house, where they had been at work.

It will be remembered that the stores thrown up in the "burnt district" were, in many instances, very sham structures, and were only held by the support afforded by the neighboring buildings. The hasty with which the walls were run up was altogether reprehensible, and some of them settled or tumbled down altogether before the interiors were completed. One of these was located as we have above alluded to, and the heroes of our present sketch had waited below for a full hour. When it had got to be thoroughly dark, Patrick ventured to ascend the ladders leading to the half-finished roof, followed by his friend Michael, for the purpose of securing the plunder they had gathered together.

Having gained the upper story, the two friends leisurely commenced to "wood up," when Patrick suddenly dropped his pile and turned wildly to his companion with the very expressive interrogation—

"What the devil's that?"

"Marther!" shrieked Michael, in response; and in another instant the two lumber thieves had scrambled, one over the other, out upon the edge of the rear wall of the building, as the entire front went down with a crash into the street! The back wall trembled violently with the shock, the heavy gutter gave way at one end, and Patrick having seized upon it, as it partially descended, Michael clung to his skirts with the desperation of a drowning man; and the two friends found themselves, on a sudden, dangling between heaven and earth, in the darkness, from the edge of the frail gutter!

"Och! bad luck to it, Michael!" shouted Patrick, as he clung to the conductor. "what are ye doing?"

"Faith, Patrick, I'm houldin' mesel' fast to that beautiful fut of yours."

"Ah, be gorrab, Michael, we're done for! Let go the fat man—let go the fat, or we're murthered, the both av us, so we are!"

"Ah, be jahers, Michael; mind ye business wid the gutter now, torment ye, there, and don't be hoddin' yer' yer' wid the fut! It's sure ye may be that Michael Malone will take care ye of the fut!"

"Let alone ye hour, ye spaldeen, ye! It's mesel' as wudn't be kilt wid ye! Let go, I say!"

"Och, Pat! Is this the way ye treat a friend that's clung to ye for nigh a year? By the pow'rs, ye may well say that Michael Malone won't quit ye now!" and tightening his grip, Michael seemed determined upon adhering to the only chance apparently left him for safety from a terrible death.

Michael shouted "murther!" at the top of his voice, and really did all in his power to attract any aid which might chance to be within hearing distance, but Patrick found it impossible to support his own weight and his friend's beside; and after several violent kicks and struggles, Michael found that he must go for it, or bring down his companion. Deciding it to be better to leave his friend to the chances than to destroy Patrick as well as himself, he made up his mind to swing off, though a broken skull, shattered limbs, or certain death, seemed inevitable. Having received a most christianlike hint on the top of his cranium from the boot-heel of his friend's "fat," which happened to be at leisure, his determination was hastened.

"Och, then, good-bye, Patrick!" said Michael, in a sort of dying speech, "bad luck to it; but I didn't stale the boards, Patrick, mind ye. Good-bye! I'll be smashed into ptergyter, for cert'n, I will. Hold on to the gutter, Patrick, and look to me wife and chilidars—ow!" and with a most unearthly scream he quit his grip upon his friend's foot, who gave him a final "to the devil wid ye!" and down went Michael with a rush!

It so chanced, in the darkness, that the frightened Irishman had not the remotest idea of their real position. One end of the gutter to which Patrick clung had lodged as it was falling upon the adjoining building, distant only about fifteen feet from the

ground; so that Michael had been dangling all the while in fact but about a foot from the earth! At the moment he quit his hold upon Patrick's foot he imagined he was being launched into eternity, and his surprise may be conjectured when he found that, instead of this, he was launched safely into a muddy passage-way which ran between the buildings!

"Howly Murther!" continued poor Patrick, still clinging in despair to the gutter, some six feet from terra firma. "Och, me wife and chilidars! Help! murther! help!"

"Come down out o' that, ye blundering fool!" exclaimed Michael, evidently disappointed to find that he wasn't hurt at all. "Down wid ye, I say! It's a mighty fuss ye're makin' up there about nath'n!"

"What the devil—Michael, is it yersel' pink of a novel?"

"Be jahers, ye're wakin' the whole street wid yer bloody howlin'—come down, I say, and leave the boards till mornin'!"

Patrick was soon released from his plight by the aid of a short ladder which Michael procured near by, and the two friends jogged along homewards, declaring that they had never been in so "tight a place" before.

Whenever they had occasion to provide themselves with fire-wood afterwards, both Michael and Patrick did it by daylight!

## Long Skirts.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal makes the following sensible remarks on the present fashion of ladies' dresses:

That some reform is wanted all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through. Why should not some compromise be entered into? In order to avoid travelling through mud and dust, it is not necessary to dock petticoats and frocks by the knee, or to assume a masculinity in other parts of the attire. Neither is it necessary to connect a rational length of skirt with certain unhappy foolish notions about equal privileges of the sexes, which seems to be one of the mistakes made by the Bloomer party in America.—Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, and abbreviation of those trifling skirts by which even a man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled. When the hem of the garment is in the level of the ankle, which once was the case, it answers all the purposes of decorum, and is sufficiently cleanly. A return to that fashion would do away with all objection. Or if one or two inches more be taken off, and the yoke filled by such trousters as are generally worn by young girls, it might be as well or better. Such changes might be brought about with little fracs, like any of the ordinary changes of fashion.

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

## BY THE MAILS.

The steamers *Africa* and *Asia* have arrived at New York bringing seven days' intelligence from Europe.

ENGLAND.—Kossuth continued his triumphant progress through England, receiving at every stage such demonstrations of admiration and affection as seem almost without precedent. After leaving Manchester, he returned again to Birmingham, where, on the 12th, he attended a grand banquet at the Town Hall, at which eight hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down.

On the 13th, he was present at the grand Polish ball in the Guildhall, London, where he was met by the Lord Mayor, and most of the influential citizens.

It had been made known that Kossuth would not leave Southampton until the 26th inst., by the Humble, the multiplicity of his engagements compelling him to delay his departure a few days.

IRELAND.—The Catholic clergy from the bishops to the curates are particularly busy in matters both temporal and spiritual. The Prince of all Ireland has organized a regular onslaught on the Free Masons for their threatened opposition to the University—likewise, an opposition to the system of national education, and finally, a plan for parliamentary agitation of the Papal aggression, which, it is expected, will prove successful against the present ministry.

The Bank of Ireland has declared a dividend of five per cent per annum, and a bonus at the rate of 25s. per cent. £2,000 were to be added to the reverse fund, making it £5,600.

In the Encumbered Estate Court, on one day there were no less than ten properties put up for sale, being the greatest number ever submitted to competition in a single day. The total amount realized was £37,675.

FRANCE.—The speech of the President to the officers of the regiments has produced the worst effect among all classes of the population of Paris, and more especially among political men. No one now doubts that Lewis Napoleon is seriously contemplating a decisive blow against the Assembly, and that he will take the very first opportunity that offers, to strike it.

AUSTRIA.—The German Journal of Frankfort states that the Austrian Charge d'Affaires at Washington has received from his government the order to demand his passports, in case the President or the government of the United States shall officially take part in the reception of Kossuth, and also that the Minister of the United States at Vienna shall receive his passports.

The Austrian Lloyds says that General Haynau is about to sell the large estates he purchased in Hungary, on account of the difficulty of finding laborers to cultivate them.

It is said that France and England have presented an explicit note to the Tuscan government, protesting against the absorption of Tuscany by Austria.

The Emperor of Russia has just ordered 6,000 carriages to be built for the different railroads in his empire, in order to facilitate the conveyance of troops.

ITALY.—Continued imprisonments seem to have taken the place of amnesty at Rome. Though it is now three years since the revolution, persons having taken an important part in those events are still harassed by the authorities, arrested and imprisoned. Numbers have left the country, either of their own will, or have been banished. Others who have wished to leave the papal states for a short time, have received their passports, but on condition of not returning.

The Pope continues to take his daily drives, and may be seen entering his carriage every fine day at the Vatican. Though the papal party is generally considered most unpopular, and even Pius IX. is said to have incurred the hate of his subjects, his passage through the streets of the capital is still attended by signs of respect on the part of the inhabitants, and many bend the knee to the Roman Pontiff. The Republican party is very active at present.

Accounts from New South Wales, on the 18th August, had been received in London, giving the most flattering accounts both to the quantity and quality of the gold round about Bathurst. Sydney was said to be almost deserted. The receipts, per week, into the towns were said to reach, £20,000 to £25,000. The government armed escort brought £100,000.

GERMANY.—The King of Hanover appeared to rally considerably on the 9th, so that hopes were entertained that he might yet be spared; but on the 10th the bulletin was so unfavorable that his decease was highly expected.

SPAIN.—The encouchement of the Queen had not taken place. Great preparations were making in anticipation of the event.

A bill had been introduced in the Cortes to effect reforms in some articles of the customs tariff.

BOOKS FOR SAILORS.—The Bangor *Whig* says that two large ships have just sailed from Bath, which have been furnished with a well selected library of books for the officers and men. This is an excellent plan, and we rejoice at seeing it adopted in the principal seaports along our coast. Give Jack an interesting book to read when he has an hour's leisure, and he will not only improve his mind and become a better man, but he will be less likely to find fault with his grub, or to grumble when called upon to work!

A NATURAL COMPASS.—The experienced woodmen of Maine can direct their course through a trackless forest, with a compass, by observing attentively the moss on the trees, the north side of which is covered with a much larger share than the other portions of the trunk. The compasses of calipers of some of the hardy lumbermen are as acute as those of the Indians.

COL. H. M. KINNEY offers to Kossuth and his companions, ten thousand acres of land, situated on the Neusces river in Texas, and as fertile as any in the Union; there are 6200 Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in the United States and Canada; the number of contributing members is 238,900 and the number joined the order during the year 91,776.

It has been proposed that a search be made for Sir John Franklin on the coast of Alaska.

## BY THE MAILS.

The Late Accident at New York, by which so many children lost their lives is of the deepest interest to sympathizing readers, we copy all that is interesting from the city press.

It is probable a much larger number would have perished had it not been for the presence of mind and intrepidity of the principal of the male department, who prevented his pupils from leaving the room. Miss McFarland is also represented as having conducted herself heroically. Closing herself against the door post by almost superhuman exertions, she prevented the escape of many of those under her, who must otherwise have been lost.

Last evening, the school house was examined by several of the Aldermen, and individuals connected with the Board of Education. Everything appeared to have been left in the utmost confusion. At the bottom of the stairway were the fragments of railing, satchels, books, and near a bushel of tattered garments, shoes, &c. In the school rooms, benches were overturned and broken. On the other hand, the wardrobe was filled with bonnets, caps and wearing apparel, in the same good order as originally placed.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The scene at the Station House almost beggars description, and is quite beyond the power of the pen to depict the agony of the parents upon learning of the occurrence. None but the parents, relatives, physicians or officers, were allowed to enter the room; and the former as they entered and looked about recognizing perfectly their child, dead or frightfully injured, gave vent to exclamations of the deepest grief. Some, on recognizing a son with his eyes closed in death, fell fainting on the floor, while many, in the agony of the moment, became frantic, and tore the hair from their head. The groans of the unfortunate wounded, and the despair of the parents, render the scene indeed a mournful one.

We were informed last evening that the teachers of this school have several times complained to the Trustees of the inaccuracy of the railing which protected the stairway; it not being of sufficient strength, as this melancholy accident has proved, to withstand any great pressure. The stairway is very narrow, and the bannister which protected it on one side, was quite slight, and yielded easily to light pressure. *Sun.*

It was impossible to ascertain the ages of the deceased, but they ranged from six to fifteen years. Among the dead is a daughter of J. Sherman Brownell, formerly Register of this City. A few of the first that fell down were killed instantly by their fall, but the largest number lost their lives by suffocation. Those that were smothered turned black before they were taken out. Many were wounded slightly, and ran home as soon as they were extricated, and, of course, no record was taken of them.—*Times.*

Most of the unfortunate children killed by the dreadful casualty on Thursday afternoon were interred in Greenwood cemetery on Saturday, and their funerals were attended by the surviving members of the classes to which they belonged. Probably there was not a clergyman in the city yesterday who did not allude in his sermon to this terrible calamity, and take occasion to impress upon his hearers the uncertainty of life. No disaster has ever seemed to create more general gloom and mourning. It is the subject of conversation in every circle.—It appears that the heirs claiming under a title in Dubuque prior to the possibility of any title vesting in Congress

REAL HEROISM.—The Zanesville (Ohio) *Gazette* relates the following case of daring on the part of Mr. Thomas Luander of that place. He was aroused from his sleep in the middle of the night by a call of a man at the door. When Mr. Luander awoke, the man informed him that a methering was on fire in his store. He rushed in and found some boxes and papers all flame-tipped stely over which, on a shelf, was a keg of gunpowder. The keg and the shelf containing the gunpowder had also taken fire and were burning rapidly—the keg considerably charred. Under these circumstances, Mr. L. deliberately seized the keg of powder, carried it into the street, and got water and put out the fire—burning his hand badly in the operation. This daring action on the part of Mr. Luander is perhaps the only thing that could have saved the lives of his family, who were sleeping in another part of the same building, itself and all its contents.

TRIBUTE TO CAPT. COMSTOCK.—The passengers by the Baltic on their homeward passage in Aug.—the quickest ever made from Liverpool to New York—united in presenting to Capt. Comstock a Silver Urn as a testimonial to his energy and seamanship. The Urn bears the following inscription:

CAPT. JOSEPH J. COMSTOCK,  
OF U. S. M. S. BALTIMORE,  
By his passengers from Liverpool, Aug.  
21st, 1841, at 4 A. M., 9 days 19 hours;

The shortest passage ever made  
across the Atlantic.

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ALWAYS BUSY.—That's right, my lad, you will be something yet. We never knew a smart, active, industrious boy, who did not turn out an energetic, enterprising, and wealthy man. Better wear out than rust out, is a good proverb, and we rejoice to see you follow it up. We would rather have you than a dozen dozy-headed, sleeping inactive youths, who do nothing from morning till night, but heave the chairs, read the newspapers, and grunt to the customers.

THERE is a contest in Texas about the manner of paying their revolutionary debt. The holders of the bonds and treasury notes claim their payment in full, according to the face of the bonds and notes, whereas it is contended by the other party that no more should be paid for them than government actually received for them when issued.

KOSUTH AND THE PRESS.—A committee of ten has been appointed by the members of the press in New York, to make all the arrangements for an entertainment in honor of Kossuth, who was, at one time, an editor in Hungary.

ILLEGAL UNION OF POSTAGE STAMPS.—At Iowa City, Isaac Sloane was convicted on using post office stamps a second time, and was fined \$50 03. This is the first instance of the kind under the new law.

THE LATE THANKSGIVING completed two hundred years since this venerable custom commenced.

The Spanish difficulty has been settled.

THE PIRATE BELLAMY'S MONEY.—In the year 1717 the famous pirate Bellamy and his fleet were wrecked on the back side of Cape Cod, opposite the village of Wellfleet. The relics of his vessel may be distinctly seen on the "outer bar" during a low course of tides, and occasionally small sums of silver and copper money of the reign of William and Mary are found along the beach opposite the wreck, after the continuance of a few days of hard easterly storm. A friend recently returned from the Cape, where he resided during the two last summers, has shown us some specimens of the pirate's supposed treasure which he was so fortunate as to obtain from persons living near the scene of the wreck, and who had recently found them. These coins are two in number, and are what is called "cobs money," being of silver, irregular in shape, and weighing severally 95 grains, and 32 1/2 grains, Troy weight. The larger one is about as big as a cent, nearer square than round, and by the test of muriac acid is believed to be of about the same fineness as the old Spanish pistareens. The other is a thin remnant of the original coin; it is, however, quite bright, and of pure silver. They are both undoubtedly Spanish pieces—the dates not being distinguishable—but the stamping is distinct, and on one side resembles very nearly the stamp of the old pistareens. These coins are supposed by some to have been buried in the sand bluffs and to roll thence as they are undermined by the surf in the storms. But this theory is manifestly incorrect, because they are never found excepting just at high water mark, in the sand ridges made by the great storms, not under the high lands.

Bunker Hill Aurora.

IOWA.—The *Dubuque (Iowa) Express* of the 21st instant says:

"We learn that suit has been instituted in the United States Circuit Court of this district, by the heirs of Dubuque, to recover the whole of the land lying along the Mississippi River, above and below the city, for eighteen miles, and running back from the river nine miles, in which boundary is comprised the city, our whole mineral region, and many of the best improved farms in the county. This will no doubt be regarded as a startling announcement by those who imagine themselves to be the owners of the property within and beyond our corporate limits.

The case was argued by Benj. F. Hallett for the agent of the vessels, and by Joseph S. Pitman for the Clerk, and held for advisement, Judge Curtis saying that the questions were of great practical importance, and that he did not wish to decide them without first conferring with the other Judges in Washington. Judge Pitman did not sit in this case.—*Prov. Jour.*

FALL OF A BUILDING AND TWO MEN KILLED.—Scarcely has the City recovered from the excitement created by the melancholy catastrophe in Greenwich-bay, before we have to record another, which, though less in magnitude, might have resulted in a great loss of human life had it taken place half an hour later. Yesterday about 12 o'clock, as the majority of the workmen in Messrs. Hoe's foundry, corner of Broome and Sheriff-st., had gone to dinner, the gable end of the grain loft of Harmon & Co., brewers, adjoining, a building four stories in height, gave way and tumbled on the roof of Messrs. Hoe's blacksmith shop, with the weight of some ten thousand bushels of barley added to the falling mass of brick work and timber. The roof was immediately broken in, and were buried in the ruins. Every effort to recover them was instantly resorted to, but it was nearly an hour before the last body was recovered. Brown and Mathews, both married men, were taken up dead, while the others were severely injured. Dr. Merkle was quickly in attendance, and attended to Seers, whom he found in a state of convulsions, and relieved by bleeding him. Mr. Conquest was not much injured. He had just returned from the office of *The Baltimore Sun*, where he had been engaged in putting up one of Messrs. Hoe's printing presses, and was in the act of shaking hands with his friend and fellow-workman, Mr. Seers, when the accident took place. When found, he was lying across the former's body. Had the occurrence taken place about half an hour after, when all the men had returned from their dinner, and with a lot of strangers generally engaged in watching themselves at the furnace of the blacksmiths' shop, and passing the time away in conversation, before the bell summoned them to resume work, perhaps some 20 or 30 lives would have been lost.

N. Y. Herald.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer by Mr. Schoolcraft should put the whitewoman to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says:

"Many things the Indians may be accused of, but of the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchinnoos*, which indicates simply bad dog. Many of their nouns have however, adjective inflections, by which they are rendered derogatory. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms to be used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others, as well as my own, to say, that an Indian cannot swear."

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## OUR BOOK TABLE.

## MARRIED.

*Westminster Review.* The October, and opening number of the XXXII Vol. is reserved from L. Scott & Co. The leading article is on the *Coast of West Africa.* In this we have some account of the Tribes along the coast, of the towns, customs, ideas of slavery and a general view of the condition of the African natives. The following extract will show in what light the Americans are sometimes held on the other side of the ocean. The writer is giving an account of the native habit of all slipping into the same bawl, and adds:—But one learns not to be curiously particular about tribes, and in reality black fingers are generally cleaner than white ones. He then speaks of their love of the bath and toilet.

—We have not the least doubt that our Americans friends who are writing can testify from personal and dirty experience, often on some occasions half a pint of water and a towel and a comb for the company, having concealed a dirty skin with a clean shirt, or a dirty shirt with a showy scarf of some color, and still consider themselves incomparable勇士们, who more cleanly follows than the Africans, who are guilty of covering a clean skin with a dirty bonmou.

The African is most particular in cleansing his mouth with plentiful additioons and a gum-stick. We prefer merely rinsing his with a gum stick. But far be it from us to decide which system is to be preferred."

Other articles in this number.—The Marlborough, another regn of Queen Ann, to whom all the works that have appeared on this subject are due.—Newman's Political Economy, in which the reviewer opposes Mr. Newman's "defence of private property and competition against socialist attacks" as inconsistent with a rapidly progressive state of society and the like.—Gregory of Nazianzen.—Decisive Battles do do.

—*Underwear.* A collection of Home Poems by Caroline A. Briggs.—*Letters from a Slave.*—*Letters from a Slave.* is a volume of Poems by a young lady of Maribeth, and a daughter of Gov. Briggs. The dedication is both simple and graceful.—To my best friend and earliest—my Father and Mother—these Poems are affectionately dedicated. The book opens with "Voices of Affection"; and these are followed by "Voices of Cheer," "A Voice to the Poor," "Voices of Grief," "Spared Voices," and "Voices by the Way,"—all of which are marked by poetical ability of more than ordinary merit. Many of them have already been published with high commendations and have, through the newspaper press, received a wide circulation. This appreciation and the delineation of well-known admirers of her beautiful lyrics, "Wabash," "Indiana," "Sister Content," is taken almost entire from its pages, and will we think be as well-known as sweet and touching. We have mark one or two pages for our next issue. The above for select Hammett's.

*Master's Assistant and Young Ladies Poems.*—The December number of this useful work is reserved. It is the closing number of the volume and we strongly recommend families to subscribe for it the coming year. Each number contains a good Tale, very like, in character and moral, the one recently copied into the *Mercury* entitled "What small hands are these," and also poems, short articles, music, &c.

*Public Documents.*—We acknowledge the receipt of the Patent Office Report, Part II, from Hon. G. M. King; and also our indebtedness to Hon. A. C. Greene for the Report of the *Supervision of the Coast Survey* and the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office.

*Saint's Magazine for December* is worth a whole volume subscription. The number embraces upwards of one hundred pages of reading matter by the best writers, and is beautifully embellished with fifty fine plates and handsomely finished wood cuts. We hazard nothing in saying that Saint himself cannot beat it.

Reported for the *Mercury.*

## COURT OF JUSTICES.

This Court on Tuesday, without doing any business adjourned to meet on Tuesday next,—the reason for so doing was obvious enough.

## COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

This Court met to ratify a commitment to business of the Court Monday last, by way of examining the *Deed.* On Tuesday, the first trial was the cause, H. V. Cranston vs. Mary L. Ruggles, Administratrix Verdict for Pit and damages \$132 99 100.

Another case between the same parties resulted in a verdict for Pit, and damages amounting to \$43.

On Wednesday, in the appeal, A. E. Bowmer vs. Peter Cook, appellant,—verdict, guilty of an Assault, not of Battery.

In the appeal from the Court of Justices, Robert Seale complainant vs. Robert Stevenson appellant, a contested liquor case, the Jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

The Grand Jury presented six Bills of Indictment; one for House-breaking and larceny in the day time, another for the same, and for disturbing a Public School, an I have reason to make.

On the trial of the person for house-breaking and larceny, he was convicted and sentenced to 10 months imprisonment in Providence Jail.

On the appeal, the complainant of Thomas Springer vs. Peter Cook, another liquor case, the Jury found the defendant Not Guilty.

Three petitions for naturalization were admitted to take the oath for that purpose,—and some other in incident matters were no doubt acted upon in the time now making an extraordinary amount of business done in two short days.

The Court on Wednesday evening adjourned over to Friday morning—the national day of thanks in remembrance, as a *day non-juridic.*

Tues Annual Meeting of the *Donors Society* will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 3d, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at Trinity Church School House.

E. Bowmer, Secy.

## New York Grain Market.

The supply of Wheat is not large, and as the sea is advanced there is a better feeling and more confidence in the market. The grain business, milling and export, the sales include 22,700 bushels White Canadian \$74 88 cents in bushels 5700 good to prime White Gouesse, 23 x 100 cents, 14,200 White Michigan, 88 a 99; 1700 Red Southern 82 21,600 White do, part to arrive, 91 4 92 and 11,300 Upper Lake 63 a 70. Rye has continued in request, and closes firmly; the sales are 13,900 bushels at 52 cents, delivered. Barley is in fair request, and firm; the sales include 7600, good two-rowed at 81 and prime four-rowed at 83 cents—Oats have advanced, and we now quote Canad 34 29 cents, River 38 384 and Jersey 36 37; a cargo Southern sold at 35 cents. Corn has been in fair demand at steady uniform prices—the market is firm; the sales include 108,000 bushels at 60 a 61 cents for mid-Atlantic, in store, about and delivered, and 14 for unmerchantable, 61 for new and old White do; round Yellow is scarce, and may be quoted 63 cents.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER 21. SUN. SUN. MOON HIGH TIDES SETS. MOON HIGH TIDES SETS.

22 SATURDAY. 7 28 38 19 52 0 13. 2000. 7 23 4 37 11 52 1 6.

23 SUNDAY. 7 24 4 39 50 1 13. 2000. 7 25 4 35 0 51 2 26.

24 MONDAY, DEC. 1. 7 26 4 34 1 49 3 7. 2000. 7 27 4 33 2 49 4 31.

25 TUESDAY. 7 27 4 33 3 49 4 31. 2000. 7 28 4 38 18 52 0 13.

26 WEDNESDAY. 7 27 4 33 3 49 4 31. 2000. 7 29 4 38 18 52 0 13.

27 THURSDAY. 7 27 4 33 3 49 4 31. 2000. 7 30 4 38 18 52 0 13.

28 FRIDAY. 7 27 4 33 3 49 4 31. 2000. 7 31 4 38 18 52 0 13.

FULL MOON, 8th. 10h. 43m. morning.

Brighton Market, Wednesday last.

At Market 700 Cattle, 200 Stores, 5 pairs Working Oxen, 28 Cows and Calves, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, 250 Swine.

Prices—*Beef Cattle*—Extra \$6.50; first quality, \$6.20; second \$5.50; third, do \$4.450.

*Stores*—*Feeding* \$7. 9, a 12; two years old, 10 12 a 24; three years old \$8. 20 a 26.

*Working Oxen*—No sales noticed.

*Cows and Calves*—\$24. 26, 28, 30, 32 a 37.

*Sheep and Lambs*—At \$1.75, 2 a 25. Extra \$1.50.

*Swine*—6; retail at \$4 a do.

*Remarks*—No wing to Thanksgiving being this week not so many Cattle at market, and but few buyers—*Good Beef* finds a ready sale but ordinary dull.

New Bedford Oil Market.

—The market has been active since our last, and sales of upwards of \$4000 have been made at fully previous rates. The sales include 1510 1600 & 21 25; 2700 blts at \$1.65; 350 blts at \$2.54; and in Boston parcels 100 to from \$1.65 to \$2.50 blts at \$1.24; 130 blts at \$1.24; and 450 blts at \$1.25 per gallon. In manufactured, we have sales of 4000 gals unleaded 2d Winter at \$1.24.

—*Wale.*—There is some inquiry, but transactions are checked by the firmness of holders. We have only to report a sale of 50 blts at 57c per gallon.

—*Wale.*—W ear of no transactions in this market. 100 gals in New York at 50c per bl.

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED.—Price 4 cents—*Celestial or Lights and Shadows of London Life*, by E. L. Blanchard.

Just published and for sale at TILLEY'S.

Nov. 1 100 Thanes Street.

Nov. 1 100 Th

